

I'm Always Here For You

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Summary: ****Standalone Oneshot**** She's always there when I need her. She'll lend me a sympathetic ear, even for the pettiest of problems. She knows just what to say to make me smile. She's the greatest friend I could ever ask for. So why do I still feel so lonely?

****Written to help with my depression.**** Rated T for language and mild self-abuse

I'm Always Here For You

****Hey guys.** I'm not really going to say much here, but I needed to write this. I've been dealing with some personal stuff, and I have nowhere else to project my feelings. There's nobody around me that I trust enough to share my problems with, so this is my only form of release. I promise, ****_**Colors of the Sun **_****is still coming, but I need to deal with these personal issues first. Please forgive me if this story is atrocious. I don't own any of the MLP FiM characters.******

* * *

><p>I'm Always Here For You<p>

I just want to get home. At least there, I'll have some peace. Peace and solitude from this intimidating world. My last class for the day was finished, and I quickly head back to my room.

I turn the lock and open the door. On the other side, laying on my bed, is the only presence that makes me smile.

"_Jake! You're back!"_ a familiar cream-colored pegasus says with a smile on her face.

"Hey, Fluttershy." I walked up and stroked her soft mane, making her beam.

"_Happy birthday!"_

I managed a small smile. "Thanks. You're the only one to remember."

"_Aw, did nobody wish you a happy birthday?"_

"Nope. Not even a hint. I guess I should've expected that though. It's not like anyone knows, or even cares."

"_Well, did you at least have a good day today?"_

I sighed as I laid on my bed. "Not really. In fact, it hasn't been the best day at all."

"_Oh no! Did somepony hurt you? What happened?"_

I didn't want to tell her. I never wanted to tell anyone. I had no injuries, and nothing was totally out of the ordinary. I had no reason to feel the way I felt, yet I still felt pain. There was a fracture in my heart that never went away, yet I didn't want to sound like I was whining.

"_Jake, please talk to me. I want to help you."_

I sighed. Fluttershy would always lend a sympathetic ear. I decided to give in. Besides, it was Fluttershy. I'd do anything for her.

"Fluttershyâ€¦ I just feel soâ€¦ alone."

"_Alone? Why is that?"_

"It's justâ€¦ I want to talk to people, but I don't know how. Every time I try, I just choke, and they look at me like I'm some kind of weirdo. Iâ€¦ I guess I'm just scaredâ€¦"

"_Is it because of your autism?"_

"I don't know. It could be. It's justâ€¦ oh never mind."

"_What?"_

"It's nothing."

"_Please, Jake. You can tell me anything."_

I sighed as I felt tears welling up in my eyes. I tried to fight them, wanting to look strong for Fluttershy, but it was growing difficult.

"_Jake, I'm here for you. I want to help you. Please, what's on your mind?"_

I looked to my side, and saw Fluttershy looking back with worried expression. Great, I was making her sad too. I couldn't bear to do that, and I couldn't say no to those gorgeous teal eyes. I gave in, taking a deep breath.

"I ruined everything with her."

"_What?"_

"This girl I liked. She was one of my friends, and I scared her off. I ruined what we had. I can never forgive myself for what I did to our friendship."

"Jake, what do you mean? What are you talking about?"

"Fluttershy, have I told you about the biggest mistake of my life?"

"_I don't think so."_

I bit my lip, and looked down at the ground. "So, a couple years ago, there was this girl. When I first met her, I thought she was gorgeous. Long, flowing red hair, big brown eyes, an adorable laugh, and a smile bright enough to illuminate the night. I had such a huge crush on her, and we actually became really good friends. I was completely smitten. I would've done anything for her. She was everything I wanted to be and more. She was my best friend. She was the greatest friend I ever had in my life."

"_Aww! That's sweet!"_

"Wellâ€¦ then she went off to college. I was still in high school. It was so painful to watch her go, but something in the back of my head told me we could still be together, even though she lived three hours away. I wanted her so badly, and I was willing to do anything to make that happen. I just started texting her constantly. Every day. It was fine for a while, but then my feelings got too big to be contained any longer. I had to tell her. I didn't know what I wanted from her afterwards butâ€¦ I just had to tell her. I was in love, and I had to let these burdening feelings go. Butâ€¦ being as awkward as I am, I just sent her a really long text message. I poured my heart into it, telling her just how I felt, from the moment I first saw her to now. It was the biggest mistake of my life, because that little text message destroyed everything we had."

"_Oh no! What happened next?"_

"Well, she never responded. I was waiting on her hand and foot, but she never responded. My stupid brain assumed she didn't get the message, so you know what I did next?"

"_What?"_

"I sent _another_ love message. And not the same message copy-pasted, I wrote an _entire other message_."

"_Really? Oh noâ€¦!"_

"Yeah. And again, I got no response. Days went by. Days turned into weeks, and I was _still_ texting her. I figured she was busy and didn't have time to read my messages. I kept sending her messages as if she was my long-distance girlfriend, even though she never responded to any of them. But then one dayâ€¦ one of her friends came up to meâ€¦ and she had a message from my crush. Her friend told me that my crush got all my messages, and didn't know how to respond to

any of them. I had overwhelmed her with my feelings. She went to one of her friends for help because she didn't know how to respond to me without breaking my heart. My crush was scaredâ€¦ of _me_â€¦" I allowed a tear to fall, but I blocked the others. I couldn't cry in front of Fluttershy.

"_Oh my goodness. What happened after that?"_

"I was devastated. I never meant to scare herâ€¦ I just wanted to tell her I love her. I wanted to express the feelings I had kept bottled up for months. I wanted to let her know how much I cared about her. But you'd think I'd stop messaging her after I heard all of this, right? Well, instead I _kept_ texting her_. But this time, I didn't send love messages, I sent messages apologizing. I said I'm sorry for everything, and I hope you can forgive me for being such an asshole."

"_Jake! That's such a bad word!"_

"But it's exactly what I was! Even after all of that, I _still_ wasn't getting the hint that she _didn't_ like me_. I messaged her over and over again, praying for _some_ response. Anything to let me know my best friend was still there for me. A sign that I didn't ruin everything. Weeks went byâ€¦ and she was still silent. My best friend was gone. I lost her. I scared her off, and there was no getting her back."

"_Oh my goshâ€¦ that's awful."_

"I just stopped after a while. I finally got the hint that she didn't want anything to do with me anymore. And that was it. I ruined the greatest friendship I've ever had. I broke it beyond repair." I held myself in my arms as more tears fell from my face. "Fluttershy, why am I such a loser?"

"_Jake, you're not a loser."_

"Fluttershy, think about the story I just told you. How would you describe me in that story? And this isn't the only time this has happened. I scared off _plenty_ of girls in high school, just because I had small crushes on them, and came on a little too strong. I don't know how to talk to people, let alone pretty girls. I was the school creep. The school loser. Why? Why am I such a loser?!" I snapped, slapping myself in the face.

"_Jake! Stop! Don't you dare slap yourself!"_

"I deserve to get slapped, Fluttershy!" I snapped again. "It's all a loser like me deserves."

"_Jake, please stop. How can you say such awful things? You're anything but a loser."_

I sighed as my emotions cooled down. "Iâ€¦ I just want to know what it's like."

"_What it's like to what?"_

"Toâ€¦ to have a girlfriend. To love someone. People tell me that it's not the most important thing in the world, butâ€¦ I can't help

it. I want to know what it's like to have a girl all to myself. I want to know what it's like to be loved. I want to be able to love her. I want to shower her with affection, and treat her like a princess. I want to mean something to someone else. I want to let her know every day how much I love her, and know she'll never leave me. I want to know what love feels like. Butâ€¦ I guess it's not meant to be. I meanâ€¦ what kind of girl could ever like me?"

"_Don't say that, Jake. I'm sure lots of girls out there would love you!"_

"Fluttershy, look at me. I'm not strong. I'm not funny. I'm not handsome. I'm justâ€¦ average. Mediocre. I'm boring, and lazy. Inadequate. Unmanly. In school, people always picked on me because I was weak and awkward. I had a crush on this girl, and her friends teased me about it all the time, making me believe that she actually like me back. I didn't find out it was all a big lie until two years later. People have always taken advantage of my awkwardness; teasing me, calling me names, criticizing everything I do. I act like I don't care on the outside, but on the inside, it cuts through me like a knife. Iâ€¦ oh never mind. I'm just being stupid with all these petty problemsâ€¦"

"_Stop, Jake. Your problems aren't petty. I care about you. Your feelings matter to me. You're a great pony, Jake, you really are. You deserve to be happy!"_

"No I don't, Fluttershy. I deserve everything I've gotten. I'm the kind of guy who cries himself to sleep every night because he feels so lonely. I'm weak and pathetic. I've got nothing to offer. I deserve everything that's happened to me. It's been going on for far too long for me to believe anything else."

"_Jake, it's true! Everypony deserves happiness, especially you. People just don't know how sensitive you are. You're a good pony, Jake. How can you not see that?"_

I took a deep breath. Was she right? Did I deserve to be happy?

"_I only wish you could see yourself through my eyes. Then you would see how wonderful you are, Jake."_

I looked over, and saw worry in Fluttershy's eyes, but her words were so comforting. Could it be true? Was I a good person? I reached over, and pet her soft, silky mane.

"Why can't I find a girl like you, Fluttershy?"

"_Aww, you're too sweet."_

I smiled as I stroked her mane. I always loved giving her affection. The way she nuzzled my hand was just too adorable.

I sighed as I felt a pain clench in my heart.

"Even if I do meet her, I'll probably scare her away like all the others. Heck, maybe it's already too late."

"_Don't say that, Jake."_

"It's true. I'm just going to scare off every girl I meet. I'm not meant to find love. I don't even think I'm worthy enough to have friends. I think it's best for the world if I just stay alone."

"_But Jake, I'm always here for you. Don't you believe that?"_

I sighed, looking down at the ground.

"Fluttershy, can you do me a favor?"

"_What is it, Jake?"_

"Fluttershyâ€¦ can I justâ€¦ hold you?"

"_Of course you can, Jake. I'd love that."_

I managed a small smile as I reached to my side. I pulled the mare into my arms, holding her close and giving her a light squeeze. She was always so warm and soft.

"Fluttershy?"

"_Yes?"_

"Can you promise me something?"

"_Promise what?"_

"Promise me thatâ€¦ no matter whatâ€¦ you won't leave me. Can you justâ€¦ say you'll never abandon me?"

"_I would never leave you, Jake. I'll always be here for you."_

"Fluttershyâ€¦ pleaseâ€¦ Iâ€¦ I want you to promise meâ€¦"

"â€¦_What? Butâ€¦ I just didâ€¦"_

"Justâ€¦ talk to me, Fluttershyâ€¦ Say you'll never leave meâ€¦"

"_Jake, I don't understand. I'm always talking to youâ€¦"_

"My life would be so much better ifâ€¦ ifâ€¦ if you stayed with meâ€¦ Don't goâ€¦ Pleaseâ€¦"

"_Jake, I'm always here. I will never leave you."_

"Please, Fluttershyâ€¦ don't leave meâ€¦"

I squeezed my pillow in my arms as my tears soaked the fabric. I squeezed it tight, as it was the only thing I could hold.

"Please, Fluttershyâ€¦ don't goâ€¦"

The room fell frigid. Nothing spoke. The silence set in, and I allowed the waves of tears to escape my eyes, soaking the pillow in my arms. I gently brushed the top, as if it had hair, or rather a

mane. She's always there for me, yet she's never there. She'll always listen to me, yet there exist no ears for hearing. Her smile brightens my day, yet there's no smile to be seen.

She's always here, and yet I'm still alone.

I sat up on my bed, cradling my pillow. I can still see her. My tears dotted the fabric as I gripped the pillow.

"Why? Why am I such a loser?" I said, delivering a slap to my face.

"Why am I so lame?" I said, slapping myself again, this time harder. My volume steadily increased as my frustrations surfaced.

"Because you're a loser."

*slap*

"And you'll _always_ be a loser."

*slap*

"Why did you keep going for her? Why did you have to scare her?"

*slap*

"She's the greatest friend you ever had, and you _ruined it_!"

*slap*

"Why did you persist?! Why did you have to ruin _everything_?!"

*slap*

"She never liked you! How could you not see that!?"

*slap*

"Why do you have to be such a creep?! Why do you have to scare _every single fucking girl you meet_?"

*slap*

"You never learn?! _You never fucking learn_?! You scared off _all your friends_."

*slap* _*slap*_

"Why can't you do anything right? Why do you always have to fuck things up?!"

*slap* *slap* *slap*

"You're a burden. That's what you are. You're nothing but a big fucking burden to the whole world."

*slap*

"You don't belong here. You're just a big mistake."

*slap*

"You're a _loser_, and you don't deserve a girl. You don't deserve to be loved. You don't deserve _ANYTHING!_"

*slap* *slap* *slap* *slap* *SLAP*

My body tremored with raging emotions, my hand shook, and my cheek raged with pain. Tears streamed down from my face, stinging my raw, reddened cheek. I sat motionless, breathing hard, allowing my feelings to die down.

All I wanted for my birthday was comfort. I wanted nothing more than for someone to hold me, and tell me everything was going to be alright.

Jake, I'm here for you. I want to help you.

Her words echoed through my head once again. Though in a way, her words were always in my head.

I reached for my pillow, squeezing it tightly in my arms once again, just to have _something _to hold onto.

I squeezed my pillow, allowing the tears to fall once again. Maybe it's meant to be this way. I'm not meant to have a companion. Nobody could ever love a loser like me.

For my birthday, I would want nothing more than to feel loved. To feel comforted. But maybe that's too much to ask. I'm a burden to everyone around me. Sometimes, I can't help but think I'm even a burden to Fluttershy. She can't really like me. It's just pity.

I care about you, Jake. Your feelings matter to me.

Pity is the only kind of love a loser like me deserves.

Besides, what would a girl think if they saw me holding a pillow while crying and talking to myself?

Am I insane?

At least my pillow would never leave me. I squeezed it in my arms as my tears soaked the fabric again.

But Jake, I'm always here for you. Don't you believe that?

"I wish I could, Fluttershy. I wish I couldâ€¦"

* * *

><p>And that's it. Sorry for this poor, selfish excuse for a story, I just had to get this out. I've been dealing with some depression problems, and there's nobody around me to talk to, so this is my only form of release. Thank you for reading, and for bearing

with me on this. Peace.

End
file.